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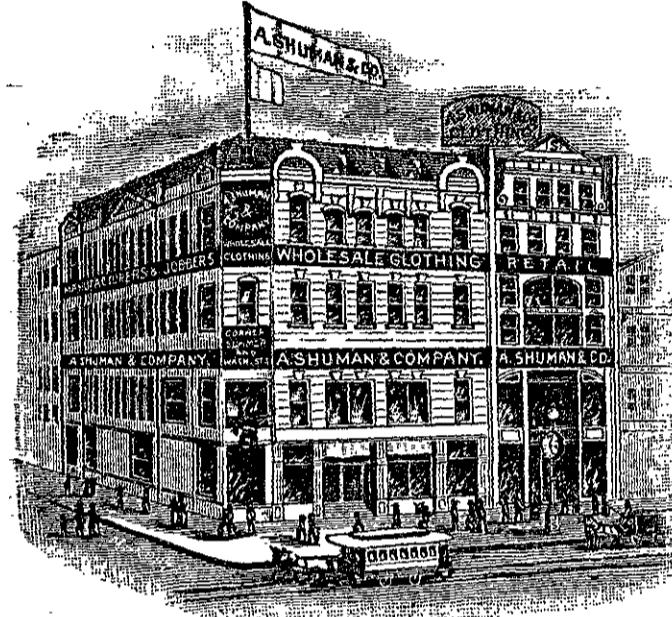
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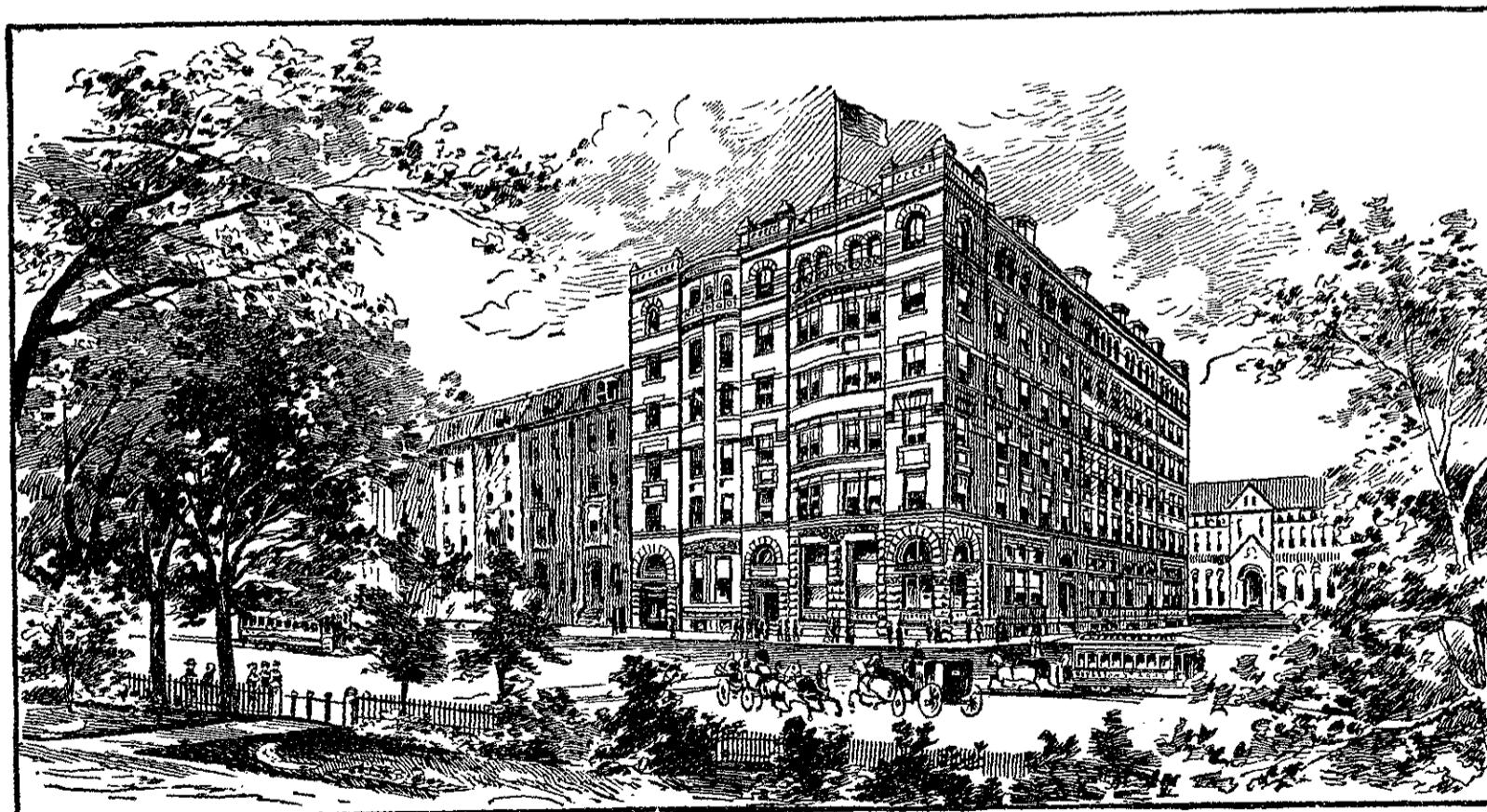
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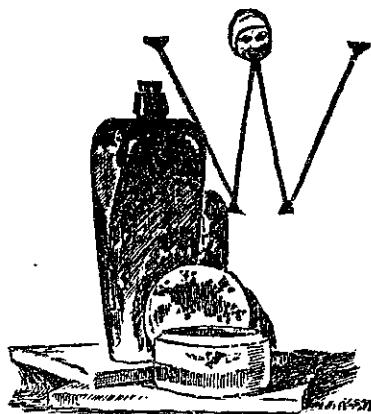
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E wish to please and accommodate all, and have special columns reserved for communications, resolutions, etc. But we cannot publish anything which we do not consider of general interest to the Technology students.

One of the most important and primary considerations in regard to a communication of any nature, is its age. To be interesting, an idea must be fresh, in fact, news. The formers of most of the obituary notices which it has been our sad duty to publish this year, seem to have utterly ignored this little point, and have strung their resolutions out through two, and sometimes three TECHS.

For the benefit of all we will here state, that in future we shall require much prompter action in this matter, and shall refuse to consider over-due manuscript.

THE bicycle race took place as planned, and it should be considered another honor for Tech. ; not only because she did remarkably well under the usual adverse circumstances, but that the contestants worked hard and were well aided by the members of the club, who worked energetically.

The result was close, and we should have undoubtedly won the race but for the sad accident of Bradley, who probably was our fastest rider, and in the best condition ; his "header," coming as it did, near the finish, when he held such a good position, and his wind was still good. But Harvard was weak in the absense of Bailey and Davis from the run. We were fairly beaten, and the right spirit is shown in the fact that we again challenge them in the spring.

It would seem advisable that next year a subscription be taken, and a cup, medal, or pennant be awarded to the club winning the most out of a series of races. Now that Tech. has been so successful in this race, it is to be hoped that she will keep up the good work, and not feel discouraged by a mere accident that can't happen every time. If the men will only go in training, in which we are sorry to say they were very deficient, they are sure to be followed by a success that will add one more event to our small list. Now let us all support the club and men in their earnest endeavor.

IT seems strange that the professors and instructors have to be reminded so many times about the dismissal of classes. This matter has been spoken of so much, that one might almost imagine that they purposely ignored it. A number of the rooms in Rogers have been

provided with electric bells, but these are seldom in working order. And, besides, many instructors disregard these bells, and continue the recitation until the students, by snapping their watch-covers, or by other audible demonstrations, attempt to remind them that the time is up. Others, again, who have classes from twelve to one, or from a quarter past three to a quarter past four, think that, because there is no recitation immediately following, they are justified in keeping the classes longer. This is especially annoying at noon-time, when the student certainly should have sufficient time to get his lunch without rushing, and when every few minutes help. The sooner this is remedied, the better for all concerned.

THE recent action of the Athletic Club in barring out the members of the B. Y. M. C. U. and B. Y. M. C. A. from the open games has long been needed.

No one cares to see semi-professionals, such as Ryan and Finnerhan of the B. Y. M. C. A., compete with our men who do not profess, even if they were able, to give the time and training which they do.

Although it seems hard to bar out men who are on a par in condition and ability with the members of the Institute, still, it is necessary to draw a line.

At present the members of Harvard University and the new Boston Athletic Club are the only outsiders who will be allowed to enter the open games.

WE may congratulate '92 on its decision not to go to the theatre in drill suits. At the same time we wish to say to the upper classmen that the affair was not one of the whole class, but was originated and put through by a very few fellows, while the majority of the class strongly disapproved of their action. We are glad to see that these

fellows dropped the matter as soon as they knew the general opinion of the subject, and we say that it is the best thing that they could have done.

The reputation of the Institute has been rising year by year, and a strong feeling of pride in it is held by the upper classes. The entering class does not know so much about this feeling, and does not understand how detrimental such an action as they have contemplated would be to the name of the Tech. But they should understand as quickly as possible that the name of the Institute is not a thing to be lightly thrown away, and should see that to guard it they should be careful in their actions. The action of any body of Tech. men, however small, is sure to act, for good or ill, upon the opinion which outsiders have of the Tech. So to you, '92, we say, Be careful what you do. Remember that you are at a college, and one of the best in the country, and conduct yourselves as students of such, and not as preparatory schoolboys.

IT is an unfortunate fact, but an unavoidable one, that the closed meeting of the Athletic Club takes place on the Saturday immediately preceding the Christmas vacation. The meeting could not be postponed, not only from the danger of over-training, but also from the fact that few contestants wished to remain in that unenviable state through the season's festivities. Now that Monday has been kindly granted to us by the Faculty, many men will wish to go home on Saturday, to make the most of their time, and we fear that a small attendance at the sports will result. Consider that it is not only personal feelings which impel a man to go into the sports, and that the class feeling which urges him should urge *you* to give up something to requite him for his time and self-sacrifice. Go to the the games, even at the expense of a little inconvenience and trouble, just to show your *esprit de corps*, as well as to

cheer your representatives on to victory. It is but little to ask, and but a trifle to give, and may have no little influence in the outcome of the contests.

HERE is an excellent system here at the Tech. by which each student, after the first year, is put under the personal supervision of some professor who acts as his adviser throughout the remainder of his Course. It would seem that so excellent a system might be extended to the Freshman Class; for it must be a fact patent to every one that the Freshman, of all men at the Institute, stands most in need of advice, coming as he does into an altogether new atmosphere, where the whole system of instruction is so different from anything that he could previously have had in preparatory schools. Of course the great difficulty of applying any such scheme would seem to be the unwieldy size of the Freshman Class, but possibly that might be overcome if the plan were seriously considered.

TECHNOLOGY comes out of the football season on the top of the ladder, but the trouble is that there is another fellow there too who has just as much right to stay as we.

So the convention of the League has decided that no championship can be awarded; and while both Tech. and Dartmouth are allowed to look down with pity upon Williams, Stevens, and Amherst, they are neither of them given a banner to hang in their ancestral halls. We ought to be satisfied to be classed as an equal of a team who gave us a very bad beating not long ago, but many of us are not. Forcible arguments were supposed to exist whereby it was impossible to do otherwise than award Tech. the championship; but when the convention met, no reasons could be found for placing our eleven above a team who had an equal record, and so the matter was declared a tie between Tech. and Dartmouth, as decided by the percentage of games won and lost.

Dartmouth recognized that we held the championship last year by wishing the presidency of the convention to go to Tech. No provision could be found in the constitution to a tie, and as neither Tech. nor Dartmouth wished to play a deciding game, the matter was left as it now stands. We are on top. Dartmouth is there too. There isn't really room for both, but we can't either of us push the other fellow off, and so we will each be content and proud at being classed the equal of the other.

THE Institute colors have been for years among the vague traditions of the place. There was an attempt to bring them into prominence in 1882, and a few energetic students appeared with scarfs and handkerchiefs of cardinal and gray.

"Within the remembrance of graduates of this institution, cardinal and gray have been the established colors since 1872."

The above selection was taken from an editorial published in THE TECH of Oct. 17, 1883.

Possibly the Worcester Tech. may have a claim prior to 1872. Of course sixteen years does not amount to much, but let the matter be looked up carefully, and then, if necessary, a change will be made.

THE indoor sports are coming, boys, and will be here next Saturday. For the last month our athletes have been training, and though we have many of them, yet we wish we had more. "The more the merrier," and the better for our records. There are other sports to come this winter and next spring, so brace up and train for them, you who do not enter these. And something is needed from those who don't compete in the games, and that is their support. If all the classes send a large representation to the games, the gate receipts will be larger, the athletes will be encouraged, and our records correspondingly raised. So keep up the Institute's reputation, and have a good time yourself by going.

Ashes.

Nothing but a boutoniere
Of wild flowers, dead and dry;
Nothing but some violets fair
That lived in days gone by.
Nothing but a tress of hair,
That binds them round and round,
Oh, but in those ashes there
What memories are bound!

The Montagnais at Betshiamits.

IT was my good fortune this summer to visit the Indian village at Betshiamits, which is situated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, about eighty miles east of the Saguenay. There, in a village of about thirty small square houses, dwell the Montagnais; a tribe of Indians still retaining many of the old customs of earlier days, and as yet uncontaminated by contact with the whites.

The parsonage, chapel, Father Arnaud's interesting museum of natural history and Indian antiquities, and Hudson Bay Company's store, together with a genuine glimpse of simple Indian life, form a combination of more than ordinary interest. The village is scattered along the top of the bank which rises above the sand beach, its white houses seeming out of place. The Indians had them built many years ago, and find them very convenient for storing away duffle not taken to the woods, and for living in when they are at the village, for they only stay there during the summer months. Although the houses are comfortable, here and there will be seen a family who cannot give up the primitive wigwam of birch bark, and have consequently erected one in the yard, preferring its airy, but at the same time somewhat cramped, quarters, to the spacious "maison."

As usual, the women do the drudgery of the camp, bringing in the wood, fishing, etc. They wear a singularly picturesque article of dress,—the Montagnais cap, with its alternate red and black pieces meeting at the top, and its band of bright silk embroidery; they also

wear a bright red shawl on state occasions. The men wear ordinary store clothes with a red sash. The artistic effect of these costumes is better brought out when a number of them are grouped together, as was the case when I first saw them about six o'clock on a bright-August morning. It was the occasion of a funeral of one of their number, and according to custom the entire village turned out to do honor in holiday attire to the departed one.

Betshiamits is the Indian's Bar Harbor, his summer resort by the sea-side, where he lives in comparative luxury and enjoys a taste of civilization. The wigwam is still his favorite abode, and its shape and construction have not changed for hundreds of years. It is formed like the mound of a muskrat, an elliptical dome, being made of bent poles covered with a strip of birch bark; there is a window at each end covered with cotton cloth, and a door in the centre so low that it is necessary on entering to crawl on one's hands and knees. Once inside you find yourself in a dimly-lighted room about eighteen feet long, seven feet wide, and ten feet high.

In all probability you will find eight or ten Indians of both sexes squatted on the floor in all possible attitudes, some sewing, some sleeping, but most of them taking a grand loaf. As there were no beds or shelves, everything was stored overhead by being tied to the poles. It was rather startling to feel something hitting the back of your head, and perhaps on turning around the cause of the annoyance would be a baby with bead-like black eyes, suspended in a small hammock from those doubly useful poles.

Although very hospitable, it is very hard to start a conversation with the Indians, especially the squaws. If you speak to them they will pretend in many cases not to understand you, or will grant your request without answering. This reserve is probably owing to the command of the priests not to have any intercourse with the white men. But there was always one subject you could strike the men on,—the

hunt. It was by the hunt that they made their living, and may be it was the liking common to all men to be interested in their principal occupation, or perhaps the possibility of getting a job of guiding you to the hunting grounds, that they were always ready to give you any information in their power. The hunting stories that they tell are so quaintly put in their broken English that they seem doubly interesting to the listener, especially if those stories are told with all the accompanying gestures with which an Indian illustrates his speech. The act of aiming in shooting, the blowing of the moose-horn, and imitation of the soft and cautious motion of the paddle on approaching game, are some of the few movements made by an Indian in telling a hunting story.

The Montagnais canoe is noted for its beautiful form and finish, and each yard has its complement of birches, some usually in the process of construction, for they are always made out of doors. The only tools used are an axe, a crooked knife, and an awl made of deer horn, and it is astonishing what good work is turned out with these primitive tools. No compass or square covers the weakness of the Indian workman, for every piece tells the exact truth of his eye and hand. A hunting canoe only lasts about two or three years, and consequently about two thirds of the tribe build canoes here every summer.

Next in interest to the canoes and the hunting stories, to me, came the Museum of Natural History and Indian antiquities, collected by Father Arnaud, the Jesuit priest, who has given up his life to converting these Indians to Christian faith. When the Oblat Fathers came, in 1844, they found that the Montagnais had lost nearly all traces of the Christianity which had been taught them years before, in 1782, by the first Jesuits, and had returned to almost complete barbarism. Now, about one half of the five thousand comprising the whole tribe have been converted, all of those at Betshiamits being among the number.

The Museum, which numbers among its attractions a stuffed gorilla from South Africa, is exceedingly interesting and complete. Being an enthusiastic lover of nature, Father Arnaud eagerly embraced the unrivalled opportunities for collecting the birds and animals of the region, together with a fine collection of Indian antiquities gathered from Labrador to Baffin's Strait and Hudson's Bay. He lives in a comfortable parsonage in the garden of which strutted three peacocks,—the last birds in the world to expect in an Indian village. He was exceeding kind to us, giving all the information in his power about his life and that of his Indians.

On our departure he accompanied us to our boat, which was waiting to take us to our yacht, which was anchored, with steam up, a short distance off shore, and bade us adieu with that courtly politeness which always characterizes a true Frenchman.

Even as we left the shore we were again treated to the sight of another native custom. A family about to start for the woods were loading the canoe which was to carry them up the river. The cotton sheeting or the tent was spread on the bottom, amidships, to protect the bags of flour, rolls of blankets, guns, traps, and kettles; there were also rolls of birch bark for roofing the wigwam, a roll of baby packed in moss and laced up in a wicker-work basket, and three dogs. The only people on the beach besides the travelers were half a dozen girls, who squatted on the sand and surveyed the preparation for departure with considerable indifference. When everything was ready, the children were settled in their places in the centre, the dogs thrown in for the third time, and the wife took her place in the bow, paddle in hand, while her lord and master seated himself in the stern. Both paddles were set in the sand, a united push was given, and they were off to the wilderness where perhaps they would not see a human face for weeks or even months. As they paddled steadily up the river they did not

turn around or even wave a hand to those whom perhaps they might never see again.

On their departure we pulled off to our yacht and were soon standing on deck gazing at the village while the anchor was being weighed. We stood for some time thinking of that long-to-be-remembered visit, as we steamed out of the harbor until a bend of the shore hid from our sight the Indian village of Betshiamits.

Life.

We live to learn, and learn to live;
Advancing years advancing knowledge bring;
The work of head and hand we give
To sneak around and find out some new thing.

New truths dawn on us day by day,
And older truths appear in novel form;
Dame Fortune brings us oft to bay
By showing up some ancient fact new-born.

Thus onward through life's paths we tread,
Our guide, this maxim, and the truth it brings:
"If black comes up you can't win red,
And three small aces beat the same of kings." M.

The Engineer's Experience.

IT was a cold, dark night, and the hail and sleet beat against the windows of the little station of F—— on the C—— Railroad.

The up express had just arrived, and had received orders to meet the mail train, which had been delayed an hour, at this station. The wind howled drearily, and the trainmen were huddled around the stove in the little waiting-room trying to keep warm.

"It was just such a night as this," said engineer Martin, "that I had one of the strangest, and, at the same time, most startling experiences of my lifetime. It happened about ten years ago, when I was running the night express from Littleton, a small station on the B—— Railroad, to H——, the end of the route. On the night of the 15th of December, 187-, I started as usual to walk to the station, a distance of about half a mile. The wind

was blowing a hurricane, and as I left the door of my house a peculiar feeling came over me. I cannot exactly describe it, except that I had an almost uncontrollable desire to remain at home and shirk my duty. I laughed at my foolishness, however, and by the time that I had reached the station I had overcome the feeling, and stepped into the cab of the engine in good spirits. As I said before, the night was dark and it was snowing hard. The wind blew the snow into the cab, but my fireman had a good fire and the steam pressure was high, so we did not mind the snow. We started 'on time,' and sped away through the storm and darkness. Four hours passed, and we were nearing the station of Ludlow, about one hundred and twenty miles from Littleton. Just beyond Ludlow the country became rugged and hilly, the rivers and ravines being spanned by trestles or iron bridges. We reached Ludlow all right, and left after a wait of about five minutes.

"About ten miles beyond Ludlow the road began to ascend gradually, there being several very steep grades at this point. At the top of one of these grades a Frankenstein trestle spanned a ravine of over one hundred feet in depth.

"We were approaching this trestle at a rate of about thirty miles an hour; the grade was very steep, and I was in the habit of 'giving her more steam' just before we reached the steepest part of the grade. I had just put my hand on the throttle to open it, when I thought I heard a voice in my ear. I said to myself it is only my imagination, and was about to give the throttle a pull when it sounded again in my ear. There was no mistake this time; it was my wife's voice, and said, 'Not that, John, for Heaven's sake—the brakes!' Impulsively I pushed in the throttle and applied the brakes, thinking after I had done so that I had been the victim of a delusion, and upbraiding myself for my foolishness.

"The engine came to a standstill within about three hundred yards of the trestle. I

glanced out of the cab window, following the track with my eye by means of the light from the headlight of the engine, and to my horror perceived that several lengths of rail had been torn from the track. Trembling all over I alighted from the cab, and going forward, examined the spot; I found about thirty or forty feet of rail torn up, from what cause was never known; and had we not stopped as we did the engine would, undoubtedly, have been hurled into the ravine, dragging the train containing some fifty passengers with it. I shuddered at the thought, but something had to be done; so notifying the trainmen of my discovery we set to work, and in a few hours the track was repaired and I took the train through, arriving about noon of the following day. When I reached home, my wife, who had not been told of my narrow escape for fear of frightening her, met me at the door, and said: 'O John! I'm so glad to see you; I had an awful dream last night. I dreamed that I saw you in the engine, and right ahead the track was broken; and as you put your hand on the throttle I cried, "Not that, John, for Heaven's sake—the brakes!"'

"I turned sick at the thought of the last night's experience, and my wife helped me to bed, where I was confined for three days.

"But I hear the whistle of the mail train, and we must be getting ready to start;" and with that the little company broke up, and went outside, to attend to their respective duties.

A Message.

"WELL! well!" said Mr. James Harkton, as he turned over in bed. "Who is it? I do wish you spirits would not take such inconvenient times to manifest yourselves. There now, keep your temper, and stop that infernal rapping and just say what you have to say like a sensible spirit. In the first place, who are you? Are you my sister Margaret's spirit?

She generally makes a great row when she comes. No? Well, then, are you the spirit of that noisy old Turk, Abd-el-Selah? Yes? Well, then, get to business as soon as possible. We will use the same old code of signals, I suppose. All right; begin! Y-R-W-T-C-H. What on earth do you mean by such bosh as that? Well, don't lose your temper, but just explain."

Explain, however, Abd-el-Selah evidently had no intention of doing, for after a violent series of raps which it did not take a very vivid imagination to construe into a sort of spiritual profanity, all was perfectly still, and presumably Abd-el-Selah had returned to the abode of the faithful. Half asleep and half awake, Mr. James Harkton tried to puzzle out the message; but sleep proved master of the situation, and Abd-el-Selah and all other spirits were forgotten for the time being. Next morning, as he was lying in that state of dreamy drowsiness which precedes waking, he was roused into full consciousness by a series of sharp rapping. Looking in the direction whence they came, he saw the shade knocking against the window-frame, as the wind coming in through the partly open window kept it in constant motion. Disgusted at the interruption of his sleep and at the apparent explanation of what he had thought was a spiritual communication, he turned over to finish his interrupted nap; but in doing so, he shoved his watch out of bed onto the floor. He reached out his hand and picked it up again, rather the worse for its fall, and as he did so a rattling series of taps seemed to say, "I told you so." Then the meaning of the message flashed across him. Of course it was YouR WaTCH, and Abd-el-Selah, being accustomed to writing Arabic, had left out all the vowels. It was little consolation to have the thing explained after the damage had been done, though it was something to feel sure that it had really been a communication; at the same time, he did hope that next time the spirit would speak more plainly, so that its warning might be of some use.

The League Convention.

THE second regular annual convention of the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association met at the Hotel Warwick, Springfield, Mass., Friday evening, December 7th. After waiting half an hour beyond the time for the meeting to come to order for the Stevens delegation, President Durfee, of Technology, proceeded without any representatives of Stevens being present.

The election of officers for the ensuing year took place, and resulted as follows: President, Merrill, of Technology; Vice-President, Beacham, of Dartmouth; Secretary, Hopkins, of Williams; Treasurer, Smith, of Amherst.

The award of the championship was then discussed, and after numerous references to the constitution it was found impossible to award it to either Tech. or Dartmouth, and there were no champions declared. With the championship question settled, on motion of Merrill, of Technology, the constitution was amended so as to read: "In case of a tie between the champions of the previous year and any other team in the league, the championship shall be awarded to the champions of the previous year; otherwise a tie shall be played off at a time and place mutually agreed upon by the teams thus tied."

On motion of Blair, of Dartmouth, a committee on rules and a committee on constitutions, each consisting of one delegate from each college, will meet at two o'clock on the same day as the next league meeting, and make their reports to the convention in the evening. After some other minor discussions the meeting adjourned at 10.15.

About half past ten the delegates from Stevens arrived, having missed their train. Out of courtesy a special meeting was granted Stevens, in order that she might bring up her protest of the Tech.-Stevens game. President Merrill in the chair. Mr. De Hart, of Stevens, talked at some length on several points in the game without arriving at any very definite conclusion, and when he had finished a vote was

taken regarding the matter, Dartmouth and Amherst voting with Technology, and the Williams delegates making the very remarkable statement that they were sent to the convention with instructions to uphold Stevens in her protest. After this, Mr. De Hart, of Stevens, wished to bring up a question regarding some financial difficulty between Amherst and Stevens, but it was ruled that the business of the convention did not relate to such matters, and the special meeting adjourned, with the Tech.-Stevens game won by Tech. as played.

That Williams College should send delegates to any convention "instructed" how to act regarding a protest of which they could not possibly have heard other than the Stevens side, and regarding which they were not supposed to have heard anything, reflects the greatest discredit upon Williams.

Harvard-Tech. Road Race.

THE Bicycle Clubs of Harvard and Technology held their much-talked-over road race on Saturday, December 8th, Harvard winning first place and the race by a score of thirty-one points to Tech.'s twenty-four. Five men rode from each club, the first man in scoring ten points for his side; the second, nine, and so on. The start was on Watertown Street, Newton, and extended out to Newtonville, past the great sign-boards, returning to the starting place by way of Beacon and Walnut Streets,—in all about nine miles. Referee Davis, of Harvard, started the men at ten minutes of three, and they rode off at a lively pace, and remained well bunched on the run out to the sign-boards. On the run in from here, Greenleaf of Harvard, and Morton, Williston, and Bradley of Tech., drew ahead, and remained in a bunch until within an eighth of a mile of the finish, when Bradley took a severe header, and so lost a good place in the race. Greenleaf finished first, doing the nine miles in 35 min. $23\frac{4}{5}$ sec., with Morton a wheel

behind him, 35 min. 24 sec., and Williston third, at 35 min. 24 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Next came Brown, Baron, and Rogers of Harvard, a minute later, and then Webster of Tech., Holmes of Harvard, and Warner and Hutchins of Tech., in the order named. These last five riders were detained at the railroad crossing, but made very good time under the circumstances. Harvard wins a pennant which was subscribed for by both clubs, and Greenleaf gets a cup for finishing first. Technology showed up very well, and would undoubtedly have won the race if it had not been for Bradley's fall.

Noticeable Articles.

THE *Quarterly Review* for October makes the mirth-provoking children's books of the late Edward Lear, the artist, the text for a paper entitled, "Nonsense as a Fine Art." The writer unconsciously furnishes one more illustration of his subject than he intended, by giving such a very wide definition to the word nonsense, as enables him to introduce "Don Quixote," the "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Hudibras," and sundry other classics as examples of his theme; as if the highest specimens of wit and humor were all to be classified under the head of nonsense. But it serves the hard-pressed reviewer's turn, for it enables him to crowd his paper with a greater number of illustrations of the kind that formerly passed by the name of "Joe Millers," and are in the slang of our day entitled "Chestnuts," than we have lately seen brought together. We do not mention the paper for its critical value, which is naught; though after all that has been written on the subject, there is still room for a good discussion of the true nature of wit and humor. Our present object is to introduce Mr. Lear. Over nearly the whole of the wide realm of real nonsense the Goddess of Dullness reigns supreme; but there is a little corner occupied by a few unique and very funny men, of whom the immortal author of "Alice" and Mr. Lear are the chief. To call "Don Quixote," one of the profoundest books ever written, nonsense, or Butler's "Hudibras," or "Midsummer Night's Dream," shows only to what straits the reviewer was driven to make up an article. For nonsense, to be good nonsense, must, like butter, be pure and unadulterated; it must not contain the least particle of

meaning. Mr. Lear triumphantly stands this test; nobody can attach any rational meaning to anything he writes, and this is what has given such immense popularity to his "works," that the collected edition of them in one volume, just issued by Roberts Brothers, is the twenty-eighth! Happy are the children of all ages who get it for a Christmas present! For just as Sydney Smith said that it was one absolutely essential part of a life of study to be sometimes completely idle,—a part, he goes on to say, which is commonly considered to be so decidedly superior to the rest that it often obtains exclusive preference,—so in the midst of the study of so much dull and dreary sense,—mathematical, physical, chemical, politico-economical, and other kinds,—it is refreshing to turn aside and indulge one's self now and then in a little pure nonsense. Mr. Ruskin did well when, in answer to that nonsensical inquiry about the "hundred best books," he put at the head of *his* list Mr. Lear's "Book of Nonsense." We are proud to say that our own copy has been read to pieces by self and young friends. We love all those hundred and eleven pages of charming verses beginning, "There was"—and the equally charming illustrations in the style of the famous Bayeux Tapestry:—

There was an old man who said, "How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow?
I will sit on the stile and continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of that cow."

There was a young lady of Troy,
Whom several large flies did annoy;
Some she killed with a thump,
Some she drowned at the pump,
And some she took with her to Troy.

Who can fail to admire the sentimental beauties of the "Owl and the Pussy Cat," or the boldness of that striking lyric, "The Yonghy Bonghy Bo?"

On the coast of Coromandel,
Where the early pumpkins blow,
In the middle of the woods,
Lived the Yonghy Bonghy Bo.

We mean no disrespect to the late Linnæus, and Dr. Harris' "Insects Injurious to Vegetation" is doubtless a useful book, but these great naturalists utterly failed to discover the Barkia Howlaloudia, the Nasticreechia Krorlaluppia, the Bassia Palealensis, the Shoebootia Utilis, all of which, and many more, are figured in Mr. Lear's Natural History, though not even yet to be found, we believe, in our biological department.

A portrait of the genial old gentleman who was so fond of the children for whom he wrote his nonsense, may be found in the November number of *Scribner's Book-buyer* (price ten cents), where, by the way, may also be found interesting portraits of Mrs. Ward, niece of Matthew Arnold, the now famous author of "Robert Elsmere," and of the author of "John Ward, Preacher." Mr. Lear was an admirable artist, and we possess a quarto volume containing pictures of old hill-towns among the Appennines, drawn and etched by him, which are very interesting.

The remaining articles in the *Quarterly*, as they all "deviate into sense," must be reserved for a more fitting occasion. There is a valuable paper on Matthew Arnold, and the new number of the *Edinburgh Review* also contains a criticism of his poems. There is a paper on Technical Education, a subject which is just now occupying a considerable space in periodical literature. Lord Armstrong returns to the charge in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, in another paper on what he calls the "Cry for Useless Knowledge;" and William Morris, Socialist, poet, and furniture designer, has one in the *Fortnightly* entitled, "The Revival of Handicraft." Altogether the subject of technical education seems in a fair way of being thoroughly thrashed out. The *Quarterly* also contains a pleasant paper on old Sam Rogers.

W. P. A.

INASMUCH that by the will of our Divine Creator we have lost from among us our beloved friend Andrew Hastings Spring, who, by his goodness of heart and unfailing cheerfulness and generosity has forever endeared himself in our hearts;

Resolved, That we, members of the Society of '90, deplore greatly the loss of our fellow-student, and extend our sincere sympathy to his bereaved family. And be it furthermore

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to THE TECH for publication.

JOHN L. BATCHELDER, JR.,
WALTER ELLIS,
ALEXANDER S. BRADLEY, JR., } Committee.

EDWARD G. LINCOLN.

CLASS OF '91.

WHEREAS, The hand of Divine Providence has taken from us our classmate, Edward G. Lincoln, and

WHEREAS, We, the members of the Class of '91 lose in him a beloved friend and a faithful and conscientious student, be it

Resolved, That we take this means of expressing our sorrow at the loss of our esteemed classmate, and of extending our sympathies to his family in their bereavement. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be placed on the records of the Class and published in THE TECH.

CHARLES F. HAMMOND,
HERBERT E. HATHAWAY,
C. BARTON PRATT, } Committee.

Chronicles.

ABOUT the twentieth day of the eighth month, when the wind sigheth and the rain falleth, the Freshman came up out of the land of his Fathers and camped over against the great city of the East, even the city of Boston.

When it was the twenty-fourth day of the month, he girded up his loins and came over to the place where men are learned in the arts and skilled in all the cunning of the Egyptians, and more also; even unto the Tech. drew he nigh.

Now, when he should draw near to this place, behold a great multitude of people were gathered together, some coming and some going, so that he was sore troubled in his mind, and knew not what to do till he should spy out a board on which he found words of counsel.

Now, when he should come before the men in high places, they spake to him after this manner: Men have come here lo these many years, and returned to the houses of their

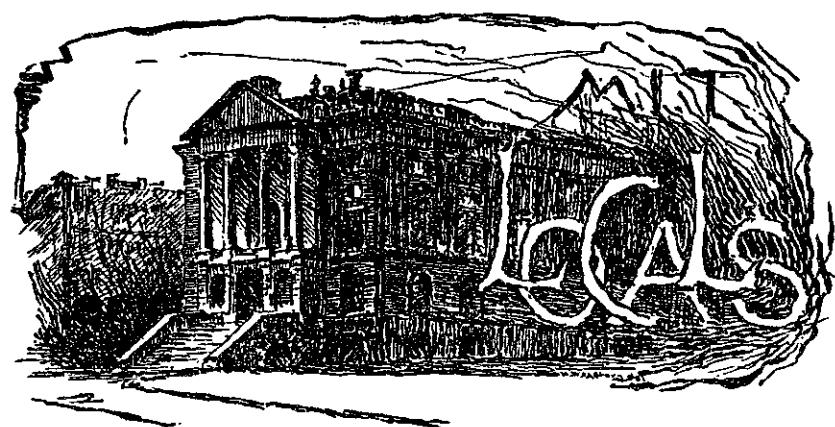
Fathers at the first trial of wisdom known in the language of the Techites as the Semmies: Therefore we admonish you be diligent in your labors, that you may have wisdom when the hour of trial shall come.

Then sent they him unto the store of the man who dwelleth not afar off, who hath a damsel fair and good to look upon, to buy that which he might need for his labors. And it came to pass when the man of Fresh had gone over and dealt with the man who is at the parting of the ways Berkeley and Boylston, that he should reckon up the cost, and lo! his shekels were not, his lucre was all gone; yea, he was busted altogether.

Now, as this student, who was strange, heard rumors of exams. which would compass him about and cause him sorrow, he gat him up into his room and plugged, and on the morrow he rose up early and came over to the men of learning and flunked. Then was he sore distressed and wretched, and said unto himself, Why am I thus afflicted? But there appeared to him in a vision a parchment of sheepskin, so that he took a brace unto himself that when the trial should come, behold, he might be worthy.

So the Freshman journeys on through the land of HCl and Prisms. But the story of his wanderings, will they not be written in the books of the chief scribe of the Temple of learning?

“Technique” is finally out, and is fast disappearing. By the kindness of the “Technique” Editors we were able to glance over the page proofs before we went to press. It seems to us fully up to the standard, from an artistic point of view, perhaps, the superior of any of its predecessors. The “grinds” are, as has not heretofore been the case, a leading feature. The cover is very attractive. Every Tech. student should purchase at least one, to assist in keeping up this custom, and to help the editors achieve the success they so richly deserve.



“Technique” appeared yesterday.

The Sophomores have commenced wood-turning.

Quite a goodly delegation of Techs. witnessed the Harvard-Yale Freshman football game.

The Freshman Corps of Cadets is now drilling regularly in uniform.

The '90 Quintet Club met at Lyceum Hall, Y. M. C. A., December 6th.

Among the players on various teams in Boston and vicinity, there was a generous sprinkling of Tech. men.

A Williams man says that the reason his team did not do better when in Boston, was that they were afraid of the hard ground.

The brass rail is back in front of the cage. It is now bolted through the floor, so that over-anxious Freshmen cannot carry it away.

The Hammer and Tongs held its regular monthly meeting at Youngs Hotel, on Saturday evening, December 15th.

The new method of fastening notices on the bulletin board is “neat, but not gaudy.” It fills a long-felt want.

The Executive Committee of the Athletic Club met Friday, December 7th, to arrange the details of the Indoor Games.

The fourth-year students in Climatology contemplate the establishment of a local observatory for weather predictions.

The Society of '92 met at one o'clock Wednesday, the 27th of November. Messrs. Curtin and Davis were appointed to look up a constitution.

The K₂S held a meeting at Young's on Friday evening, December 14th, Messrs. Schmidt, '90, Dow and Hathaway, '91, were given a ride on the club goat.

It is said by the manager of the Union Grounds, that the proposed armory to be built on the grounds will not prevent the laying out of a football field, as was feared by many.

At a meeting of the Class of '91, held Friday, December 7th, James Swan was elected Treasurer, and F. C. Blanchard manager of the tug-of-war team.

The 2G Society held its regular semi-monthly meeting at the Thorndike, on Wednesday evening, December 5th, Messrs. A. H. Rogers and A. S. Bradley having been initiated at a previous meeting.

The men who composed '91's Freshman Section 7, had a reunion at the Thorndike on Tuesday, December 4th. A dinner was partaken of, and old times were discussed to the pleasure of those present.

The Mechanicals consider themselves extremely fortunate in having an instructor who can examine the interior of a boiler which is not supplied with a *man-hole*.

First Freshman: "What is that bell in the corridor ringing for?"

Second ditto: "Don't you know what that's for? That's the janitor ringing for the President."

The following officers were recently elected at a meeting of the Society of '92: President, Wales; Vice-Presidents, Slade and Potter; Secretary, Waterman; Treasurer, Davis; Executive Committee, Kales, Curtin, Payne.

Oh, the boys from Williamstown
Came down to *Boston* town,
And many were the things that they said, said, said;
But it wasn't any use,—hard ground wasn't an excuse;
They were beaten by the little boys in steel-gray and red,
They were beaten by the little boys in steel-gray and red.

The Society of '91 has elected the following officers: President, C. F. Hammond; Vice-

Presidents, H. G. Bradlee and W. C. Dart; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward Cunningham, Jr.; Executive Committee, Pratt, C. P. Cogswell, and P. C. Powers.

Mr. George, Superintendent of the Boston Fire Department, gave a lecture to the Senior Electricals, on the evening of December 12th, on the fire-alarm system of Boston. The class will visit his office shortly, and inspect the whole system.

The first test on the new Babcock and Wilcox boiler was run in the M. E. Lab. by six of the Senior Electricals, December 12th. As the new boiler consumes as much coal and water as both the other boilers combined, the boys were kept very busy.

The Glee Club holds rehearsals three times a week, at present. It is said that they have some new singers who will surprise everybody when they give their first concert. New life has been infused into the club, and this year's coterie of talent will far outdo all previous ones.

It has been said that the Harvard men have trained the whole fall for the bicycle road race. If that is the case our men can feel proud of the work they have done, taking in the fact that we do not possess a cinder track nor a good gym. If Bradley had not taken that header the result might have been different.

The Technology Gun Club held its annual shoot at its grounds in Jamaica Plain, on Thanksgiving Day. Laurence J. Webster, M.A., '89, has been taken into the club. The smoke-talks under the guidance of an old trap shooter, are found very instructive and enjoyable by the members.

The Biological Lab. has received a consignment of alligators from Florida. A co-ed., recently looking into the tank where they are kept, asked, "Do the alligators bite?" "Bite what?" absentmindedly quoth a Soph, standing near by. "And then those dreadful Seniors broke into a loud laugh," said the co-ed., in describing the incident.

The Tech. Electric Club met at the Thorndike, December 3d. An old classmate of Prof. Holman's was present as an invited guest. After the dinner he entertained the club with reminiscences of his former days at the Institute. Among other things he told of the lecture in Room 15, when Professor Cross gave Alexander Bell his idea of the telephone.

The following notice recently appeared on the bulletin board in the corridor of the new building: "Theatre party '92 all meet in Room 15 to-night, at 4.15." Shortly after, the above was lined out and the following paragraph added: "Room 15, new building, is not open except to students of VI. and VIII., and is not to be used for above purpose. C. R. CROSS."

Charles F. Dodge gave a lecture on "St. Thomas Aquinas," and J. Delano Wood one upon "A Mediæval Idea of a European State," before the Senior General Course men, recently. Lectures have also been given by W. B. Thurber, on "Machiavelli," F. S. Boutwell on "Milton, Filmer, and Locke," and J. W. Cartwright, Jr., on "Calvin, Hotman, Lauguet and Suarez."

At the '89 Class meeting on Friday, December 7th, J. Waldon Smith was chosen as class photographer. Committees were appointed as follows: Messrs. Hart, Ayer, and Hobbs to prepare photographic lists; Messrs. Pierce, Durfee and Duane, for class tug-of-war team; Messrs. French and Cartwright, to confer with the other class committees upon the matter of an Institute color.

In the Architectural Department the following mentions have been awarded: Fourth-year—Design for a Bridge connecting two Nations, First, 1st, Hooker, 2d, Kilham; Second, 1st, Edwards, 2d, Mauran. On the design for a Wrought-iron Grille, Mauran 1st, Edwards 2d, Hooker 3d, and Kilham 4th. Third-year—Design for Facade of a Palace, First, 1st, Ripley, 2d, Emery; Second, 1st, Ford, 2d, Ropes. On the design for Heading and Tail-piece for the M. I. T. A. S. in "Technique," Ford took both 1st and 2d mention.

Title of Theses: Course I., "Experiments with Gutta Percha Models," Wm. E. Mott and R. L. Russel; Course II., "Tests on the Wright Compound Engine," Nathan Durfee and Chas. N. Borden; Course II., Experimental and Theoretical Investigation of a Link Motion, E. S. Hutchins; Course II., "A Comparative Investigation of the Buttolph and other Calorimeters," A. W. Ayer and A. L. Williston.

The Athletic Club met Wednesday, December 12th. The constitution as revised by the Secretary was accepted. It was voted to give \$35 to the Football Association, and also to bar out members of the B. Y. M. C. U. and B. Y. M. C. A. from competing in the open indoor meeting. Only the members of Harvard College and of the new Boston Athletic Club are to be admitted into the open games.

The Football Association held a meeting on Monday, December 3d, and elected the following officers: President, E. L. Hamilton, '90; Vice-Presidents, H. W. Clement, '90, Otto Germer, Jr., '91; Secretary and Treasurer, L. M. Hills, '90; Executive Committee, C. E. Ripley, '90, F. C. Jarecki, '91, and Potter, '92; Manager, H. M. Waite, '90; Delegates to Convention, E. L. Hamilton, N. Durfee, and W. H. Merrill.

Prof. Dwight Porter of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, delivered an address on the Sanitary condition of Boston, before a large audience in Huntington Hall, Friday, December 7th. Some eighteen months ago a number of wealthy gentlemen of Boston commissioned Professor Porter to investigate the sanitary condition of this city, and it was the result of his labors which he presented, as stated above. He was helped in his investigations by certain students of the Institute, who faithfully performed the somewhat disagreeable duties assigned to them. The paper, which was remarkable for its clearness and force, revealed a state of affairs regarding certain districts of Boston which are to be deplored.

EXCHANGE GLEANINGS.

Sixty-five men intend to try for the Yale Freshman crew.

University of Pennsylvania will make an effort to be admitted to the Intercollegiate Baseball Association.

A new dormitory is to be erected at Williams.

The Trustees of Brown have decided against co-education.

A. J. Cumnock, '91, has been elected captain of the Harvard eleven for next season.

The *Phillipian* is making strenuous efforts to obtain a new gymnasium for Andover.

An instrumental club with twenty-five members has been formed at Columbia.

Harvard is to have a rowing tank in her old gymnasium building.

Eleven Andover and Exeter graduates played on the teams of Yale and Princeton on Thanksgiving Day.

Stagg, of Yale, has written a series of four papers on baseball, for *Harper's Young People*, and Hall, of Columbia, will contribute two articles on lawn tennis to the same periodical.

Nearly \$600,000 has been raised for the funds of Williams College since President Carter became president two years ago.

The four leading American female colleges are: Wellesley, with 620 students; Smith, with 367; Vassar, with 283; and Bryn Mawr, with 179.

"Goals from the field are largely scratch plays, and Yale could not have scored a touchdown if the game had continued till dark."—*Princetonian*.

The Amherst *Lit.* advocates the withdrawal of Amherst from the football league. The students take the opposite side of the matter.

Harvard comes out of the season with \$1,250 in the football treasury, after paying one man's doctor's bill of \$480, supporting the entire expense of a training table, and paying full traveling expenses of the team, including the trip to the Yale-Princeton game.



"BLOOD WILL TELL."

Along the shadowed arbor-path
Sweet Maud and I walked, side by side,
In thoughtful mood: for in my heart
A secret lurked I *must* confide.

I turned my passioned face to hers,
And told my tale; then took her hand—
Her slender hand—in mine, and asked
An answer fair to my demand.
No word she spoke; but all the blood
Came rushing from her heart, pell-mell,
And dyed her cheek a blushing "Yes."

Ay, true 's the saying, "Blood will tell"!

—*Record.*

WITH A BOX OF CANDY.

"A cure for 'blues'" you asked of me,
Sweet lady; so I sought among
The doctor's books; but naught did see
Of remedy for that sad ill,
Until, while glancing o'er a page
Of homœopathic work, my eye
Read eagerly this sentence sage:
"Like cures like." So here's your cure,
Which is as sweet as sweets can be;
And so, dear lady, like to thee.

—*Record.*

AN EXPLANATION.

You ask why I knelt at her feet last night,
In a shadowy nook of the dim-lighted hall,
And why for so long in that attitude bowed?
"Twas to fasten the tie of her slipper—that's all.
And why should I blush when you question me now?
Don't you think you could guess if you really tried?
For why should I blush, unless it's because
"Twas a love-knot that last night I tied?

—*Vassar Miscellany.*

A miss is as good as a mile,
A kiss is as good as a smile,
But four painted kings
Are the beautiful things
That are good for the other man's pile.

—*Hollowell Classical.*

FROM SOODY AND MANKEY'S HYMNS.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
And wake up in the morning;
To-morrow night I'll do it again,
Without a word of warning.

—*Spectator.*

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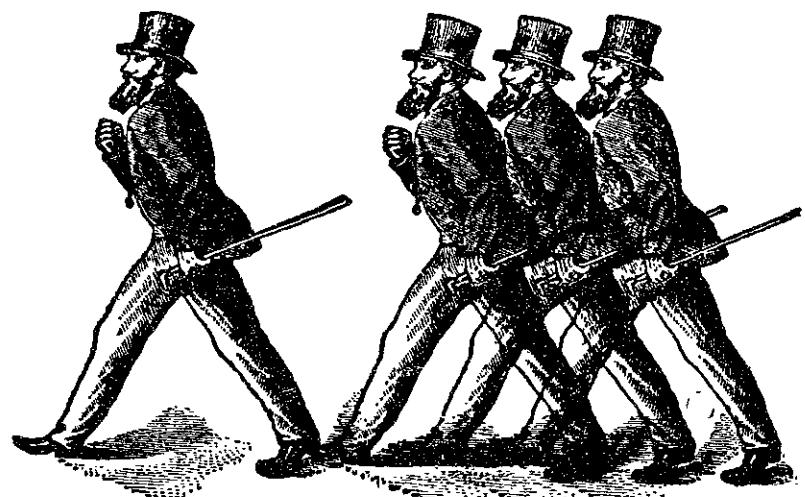
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